SOCIETY AFFAIRS IN BRIEF.

MR. BAYLIES AND MISS WILLETS MAR-RIED WITH QUAKER CEREMONIES.

President Tyler's Widow Visiting in This City-Some Announcements of Engage-ments and Weddings-A New Substitute for the Kaffee Klutsch-The Tableaux Vivants at Tuxedo this Evening.



ESIDES other weddings this week a very pretty one took place on Wednesday evening home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. at 8.80 o'clock at the Eighty-fifth street. Mr. which both are well-known members. The

Francaise, with train the corsage and trimming of point lace and orange blossoms and tulle veil. She carried white roses and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Elixabeth Arnold, Miss Caroline Willets, a sister of the bride, and Miss Elizabeth Capron. They wore draperies of rose tulle over satin slips, cut walking length, and carried bouquets of La France

roses. There were four ushers.

The widow of ex-President Tyler is visiting Mrs. I. B. Chalmers in this city.

The engagement of Mr. Walter Brooks and Miss Skillman, daughter of Mr. Joseph Skillman, is announced.

Mrs. J. F. Plummer, of 24 East Fifty-sixth

street, will give a reception on Dec. 9.

The first meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club for this season will take place next

Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. F. W. Goodenow, jr., and Miss May Bennett, Mr. John Munroe and Mrs. Furman Hunt, and Mr. E. L. Montague and Miss Alice Weir will take place next Wednesday.

Mrs. Robert Heywood and Miss Pierce, of 18 West Ninety-third street, will receive on Monday afternoons and evenings during the winter. They will give a musicale on Nov. 14, under the direction of Mr. Abbott Girard

Thies.

Mrs. Haight, of 56 West Twenty-sixth

street, will give a reception on Dec. 7.

Mrs. Edward J. Brown, of 10 West Thirtyfirst street, will be at home on the afternoons of Thursday, Nov. 3 and 10, from 3 until 6

o'clock.

Mrs. J. J. Van Nest, of 8 West Forty-fifth street, has returned to her home for the winter season from Elberon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McCall Elliott, née Wheeler, are at the Brunswick.

Mrs. Alexander and daughter will sail this month for Furon to reast the winter at Nice.

Mrs. Alexander and daughter will sail this month for Europe, to pass the winter at Nice.
Mr. and Mrs. James W. Smith and family have returned from their country-seat to their home in this city for the winter.
Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, will deliver a lecture to the National Academy of Science, at Mrs. Draper's home, 271 Madison avenue, on the afternoon of Nov. 9.
Mrs. Haddock, of 276 West Eleventh street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 16.
Mrs. Anerbach, of 546 East Eighty-seventh street, will give a wedding reception on Nov.

street, will give a wedding reception on Nov.

There will be a large Chai, which is the latest substitute for the Kaffee-Klatsch, given on Monday afternoon and evening at the Friends' Meeting-House, Sixteenth street

the Friends' Meeting-House, Sixteenth street and Rutherford place.

Quite a number of people will go from the city to Tuxedo to-day to attend the tableaux vivants, which will be managed by Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mrs. Grenville Kane and Mrs. James Breeze. They will go to the dance to-night and the regular Saturday evening dance, and will pass Sunday in the country.

The Prodigal Son.

[From the Omaha World.] Prodigal Son—Father I have spent my substance and have arisen and returned to thee. Practical Pather-What did you spend all that

"Amateur photography."
"Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idlot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow."

It Wasn't His Tooth. Countryman to Dentist-I wouldn't pay nothing extra for gas. Just lug her out. Never mind if it

does hurt.
Dentist-Well, you are plucky, sir. Let me see Countryman—Oh, 'tain't me that's got the tooth-ache; it's my wife. She will be here in a minute.

Two Things that Cannot Agree

as sough or cold and RIRER'S EXPECTORANT, In-est on having Riker's and you are positively sure of per-fect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere. WM, B. RIEER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemista, 355 6th ave., New York. Established 42

CARP FOR THE ASKING. er Blackford Ready to Give Then

Away to Any Applicant. NE of the curious sights at Fulton Market just now is a big marble tank at Mr. Blackford's stand filled with lively little black wigglers from an inch to an inch and a half long. These are the five thousand young German carp

which came yesterday from the United States Fish Commission at Washington for free distribution in this vicinity. Twenty of the fish will be given to any one upon appli-

willets, 510 East
Eighty-fifth street. Mr.
Charles Baylies and
Miss Emma Willets
were married in accordance with the ceremony required by the
Society of Friends, of
which both are well-known members. The
bride wore white faille

tributed about this time every year by the commission.

"They are hatched in the Government stock ponds at Washington, and all of this lot is less than six months old. Five hundred of them are blue carp, a new variety brought over from Germany about two years ago. They grow a little faster than the others. Carp are a very hardy fish and easy to raise, but the quality of the flesh is rather inferior. They are mostly eaten by Germans. It takes five or six years for a carp to reach its full growth, when it sometimes weighs eighteen or nineteen pounds. It resembles an American sucker more than anything else."

"Do you anticipate any difficulty in disposing of your entire consignment?"

"Not the slightest. The demand is always far ahead of the supply."

UMBRELLA HANDLES.

Boxwood handles are not to be despised. A bird's head in ivory with a bill as long as milliner's, is fetching.

Oxydized silver, wrought into fanciful designs, is one of the neatest styles. Hazel wood, with a elephant head, gives an attractive hold to a banker's clerk.

Some youthful bloods prefer the stick of British oak and a buck-horn handle. The fastidious young man about town likes big Japanese handle, carved. It is very

Real girlish girls think an ash handle curved like a shepherd's crook is the correct thing.

The I-don't-care-what-it-is individual is just as likely as not to take a maple stick and gold handle. A beautiful natural stick is the German weichzel, a smooth, rich cherry, with neat little knots on it and deliciously fragrant. Young ladies with a willowy, Southern grace, should select a palmetto stick from the listhumus. It is dark, smooth and knotty.

Undertakers eye the rosewood stick with the silver handle as an umbrella made for the profession. It looks like an offshoot from a casket. Columbia undergraduates think a Whanzee stick, or one of partridge wood, which is as hard as Bessemer steel, is the thing for a col-

Spruce athletes of the Manhattan and New York clubs will take kindly to a lignum vite stick, with a big ball of oxydized silver for handle.

Something for a young widow is an unpolished ebony, without carving or mounting of any kind. It is as sombre as a hearse and far

A good handle for believers in the late Scotch cutter (she was very late, you know,) is the thistle-root. It is tough, light, and of a bleached, taffy color.

If you are young and dudish, what about an orange-wood handle, a creamy white, something like a meerschaum after a first smoke, and smooth as satin?

For a millionaire and fifty years, nothing harmonizes better than a snake stick, with a hammered gold cap. Snake wood is as hard as a problem in the higher mathematics, and has beautiful dark stripes running around it. Snake wood comes from Grevill, Ill.

An Ascetic.

Father-Ain't you going to work? Lazy Son—Guess not.
'I don't understand how anybody can loaf such weather as this. Why, it is a real pleasure to work "I know it, but I don't want to give myself up oo much to mere enjoyment."

A Balm for Many Wounds. [From the Newark News.]
If Mrs. James Brown Potter can haul in the

Riand dollars she will not care what the bland

CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES

EFFORTS TO HAVE MRS. POTTER APPEAR

Opinion that a Change in Desirable—Rob-son and Crane to Run "The Hearietta" Till March-The Vokes Company in San Francisco-Dixey to Make a Long Jump.



do not seem to like it.

It serves to conceal whatever talent Mrs.

Potter may possess.

She is sadly handicapped by it. On Tuesday night the receipts

were good, but by no means extraordinary. On Wednesday night only two boxes were occupied, while about three-quarters of the lower part of the house and one-half of the dress circle were populated. Both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Miner have come to the con-clusion that a change is necessary. They Potter and Mr. Miner have come to the conclusion that a change is necessary. They have no new play but "Loyal Love," which Mr. Miner saw in London, and liked no more than did the Londoners. However, all the energies of the management—they are both vigorous and numerous—will, it is said, be exerted to make some change next week if possible. Several theatrical prophets said yesterday that they believed Mrs. Potter would make a hit in a good play.

The arrangements to keep Bronson Howard's wonderfully successful play "The Henrietta" at the Union Square Theatre until the last week in March are now completed. When they have brought their long engagement to an end Messrs. Robson and Crane will take "The Henrietta" to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, where they will open the first week in April. They will then go to Philadelphia and Chicago. The managers of the different theatres where Robson and Crane were booked to appear before they knew they would remain at the Union Square Theatre were offered in exchange Steele Mackaye's play "Anarchy." It has not been generally accepted, however. not been generally accepted, however.

Rosina Vokes and her company have not met with the same success in San Francisco that they had here. The loss of that amusing little comedian, Weedon Grossmith, and one or two other important people, injured the business of the company in San Francisco, where they opened last Monday night.

Henry E. Abbey is looking for bevies of pretty girls to appear in "School" in the school-room scene. This play will be produced at Wallack's in a couple of weeks, when "Caste," which is still drawing big houses, will be withdrawn.

A Checkered Career.

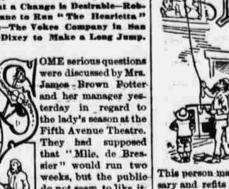
perfect satisfaction.

Sold almost everywhere.

W. B. RIKER & SON, Sole Manufacturers,
353 6th ave., N. V.

IN A NEW PLAY NEXT WEEK.

Both the Lady and Her Manager of the



Henry E. Dixey plays next week in Buffalo. Immediately after the close of his engagement he will make a quick jump—this is theatrical parlance—to San Francisco with his company and his Rice. He will appear in that city the Monday following his arrival there. The Dixey engagement in California is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. It is thought that Dixey will make a great deal of money, in view of the fact that burlesque of every description is all the rage at the Golden Gate.

Footlight Scintillations. At Tony Pastor's next week, Adam Forepaugh, jr., will appear with his trained dogs. Dockstader gives an election day matinee next Tuesday, with what he calls "a great pro-gramme."

Miss Myra Goodwin has made a hit in Edward E. Kidder's new comedy "Philopene" at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, this week.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

more of the ups and downs of life than most of us?"

"No, no. His life is as monotonous and uneventful as a running stream."

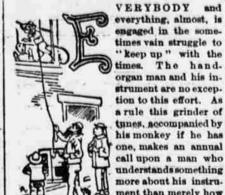
"That may all be, but he has his ups and downs just the same.
"How?"

"How?" "That may all be, but just the same. "How?" "He is a hod-carrier."

A Champagne Cocktail. If you can afford a "Champagne Cocktail" when you feel "rocky" of a morning and CAN GUIT on ONE small bottle (G. H. Munum's), we've nothing more to say. "It goes." There is estrainly nothing better! But if you can't do that, don't heat up your stomach and brain with brandy, whiskey or gin and start your head to "jumping." Just take wineglassful of RIKER'S CALISATA TONIC, with a little IDE or COLD Vichy, and is a very short time you will feel "O. K." Fint bottles, 75 cents. Don't take anything but RIKER's and you are sure of

HAND-ORGANS GRINDING OUT.

Crowded Out by the Easter Work of Chest-



a rule this grinder of tunes, accompanied by his monkey if he has his monkey if he has one, makes an annual call upon a man who understands something more about his instrument than merely how to turn the crank. This person makes what repairs are neces-

sary and refits the music-box with popular tunes. But just at this season of the

tunes. But just at this season of the year no hand-organs are heard, because of late years musical tours with the hand-organ are made almost entirely by the children of sumny Italy, and these people are now engaged in the more genteel and much easier employment of selling chestnuts.

A large part of the Italians who come to this country are the owners of organs, but many forsake them if other work can be found, really preferring hard labor to the grinding of organs; but others never did, and probably never will, do anything else.

Some twenty-five years ago, during the war times and for a few years afterwards, tunegrinding of organs; but others never did, and probably never will, do anything else.

Some twenty-five years ago, during the war times and for a few years afterwards, tunegrinding was at its height, for in those times crippled soldiers with large families and small pensions could find but little else to do, and so of necessity took to grinding out the then popular war songs. But since that time there has been a gradual but steady falling off in the number of grinders and the rendering of popular tunes at 6 a.m. has been growing beautifully less, for those of the soldiers who are not dead have found other means by which to fight the wolf.

The hand-organ man's stock of tunes varies year by year as old airs die out or new ones become popular, but a few old ones, as "Nellie Gray," 'Old Folks at Home," and the like are always to be heard. 'White Wings' is on its deathbed along with the 'Mikado.' 'Erminie,' 'Rockabye Baby,' 'Johnny Get Your Hair Cut,' 'The Cricket Song,' and 'The Letter that Never Came' are among the airs to which the organ man was partial, and 'Boulanger's March' is now being transposed, cut up and murdered to suit the different keys of the various organs.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this

Mutton Broth, with Barley, or Clam Chowder. Fish. Egg Sauce. ROAST.

Veal, or Oysters with Cream Sauce.

Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes, Jelly Cake, Dresert.

Daintles of the Market. Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.
Fortierhouse steak, 25c.
Log mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.
Lag mutton, 16c.
Lamb hindy frees, 18 to 16c.
Engrish mutton chop, 25c.
Lamb hindy frees, 18 to 16c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
White perch, 15c.
Radish, 15c.
White perch, 15c.
Lamb hindy frees, 18 to 16c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
White perch, 15c.
Hallbut, 18 to 18c.
Liging hass, 15c. to 25c.
Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Bradish, 20c.
Smells, 20c.
Smells, 20c.
Liging disken, \$1 to \$1.25.
Co. a 10c.
Co pair. Roast chicken, 16 to 22c. lb. Dry-picked turkeys, 20c. to 22c. 22c.

Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. dos.,
Boston Geese, 18 to 20c,
Boston Ducks, 18 to 20c,
Boston Ducks, 18 to 20c,
Ordinary ducks, 12c, to 15c.
Canvasbacks, \$3.50 pair.
Grouse, \$3.150 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair.
Red birds, \$1 doesn.
Red beads, \$1.50 pair.
Mallards, \$1.pair.

Sheepshead, 20c.
Smells, 20c.
Little-neck clams, 40c. to
60c. a 100.
Cysters, 75c. to \$1.50 a 100.
Terrapin, \$12 to \$36 a dos.
Green turtle soup, \$2 quart.
Frogs' lags, 50c. tb.
Terrapin sew, \$4 quart. Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, \$1 quart.
Onions, 20 to 30c. half-peck.
Cauliflowers, 10c. to 20c.,
Lettuce, 5c. head.
Cranberries 10c. quart.
Horseradish, 10c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 29c. half-peck.
Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Egr plants, 10c.

Cheese.

The Wall of a Ham-Fatter.

Editor of The Evening World: If you will induce some chaf to compile a list of good things to eat and easily obtainable which good will be accomplished and a lasting favor conferred on one who, blessed with a good appetite and fearing corpulency, is now cautioned to eschew bread, potatoes, cream, sugar and other 'goodies.' It is not 'how shall I get bread,' but how may I do without it. Yours, truly, New York, Nov. 2. SWORN IN ON THE BLOTTER.

Novel Manner in Which an Italian Was Naturalized.



AYS are busy in the Superior. Common Pleas and other courts that are empowered to issue naturalization certificates. Each year zation bureaus,

quired length of time can become naturalized free of cost to himself.

quired length of time can become naturalized free of cost to himself.

The process of swearing in a new citizen is intended to be very solemn, but as fully two-thirds of the foreigners have not the faintest idea of the meaning of the formula, and only do as they are told because the political "worker" who brought them there told them to, it is oftener ludicrous. The sense of the ridiculous sometimes overcomes the court officers too, and must have actuated the judge who was crowning five of these new sovreigns the other day.

The court copy of the Bible on which the coath is taken was not in its usual place, and no attendant was within call. The Judge was pressing a blotter on the blank certificate which he had just filled out, when he discovered the absence of the book. But he was equal to the emergency, and, extending the blotter, said: "Put your right hand on the blotter," and then went through the formidable and solemn oath of allegiance to the Land of Liberty and Politics; and at the close of the solemn formula he wound up with the business-like "So help you, God. close of the solemn for with the business-like Kiss the blotter."

EATING IN A HURRY.

Everyday Features of a Busy Downtown

A downtown lunch room is as packed as sardine box from 1 to 2 o'clock. Men struggle in and cope with corned-beef hash, sandwiches, spaghetti, salad, pie and coffee as well as their neighbor's elbows allow them to. When they squeeze out after this training for dyspepsia the victim goes to a counter, tells what he has had and gets a check, which he hands in to the cashier and

check, which he hands in to the cashier and pays for.

"What prevents anybody from eating half a dollar's worth and getting a check for a sandwich?" an Evening World reporter asked of a young man who was feverishly dealing out apple dumplings.

"They do. We lose about \$20 a day. But they're likely to be caught. There are several detectives in the room at this time, and they drop on a fellow when they see him playing that game."

"What do the men say when they are caught?"

"Oh, they'll tell you they thought the whole thing was 10 cents. If they kick and won't pay, why the policeman out there is called in. But we don't mind the little loss that comes that way. It doesn't make much difference."

"How much do you take in on an aver-How much do you take in on an aver

age?"

"About \$200 a day. The average price for the lunch that a man gets here is 15 cents. But you see there are a good many of them," the waiter added, as he looked at the squirming mass of lunch and lunchers.

Sam Jones's Fish Story.

(From Sam's Sermon at St. Louis.)
I tell you, brethren, I am a good friend of the Baptists. I love the Baptists, and have some good solid friends among them, but I'll tell you an inci-dent, not as a joke on the Baptists, but as an illustration of what I want to say.

Some fellows were fishing in Maine a few months Some fellows were fishing in Maine a few months ago, and they all went fishing daily. When they got to the waters they were fishing in they caught, among others, a very curious fish. It was the strangest-looking fish any of the men in the crowd ever saw. One looked at it and another looked at it, and they discussed it a good deal, and then turned to an old Maine man and asked him:

"What sort of a fish is this stranger?"

"Well, "he said, "I don't know the real name of the creature, but we always call it the Baptist fish."

Why? What do you call it the Baptist fish for ?".

'Well," he says, ''don't you know it's because they spoil so soon after you take them out of the water." (Laughter.)

Of course that ain't true about Methodists, but some of you Methodists spoil mighty quick after a big meeting.

" Agin It." [From Judge.]

at Castle Garden)-Av coorse, Motke, yez'll be afther votin' th' Dimicratic thicket this fall ? Immigrant (who is a fugitive from English mis-rule)—Phat's that ye say? Phat! have yez a govcriment here 7
Citizen—Av coorse we have.
Immigrant (decisively)—Thin begob Oim agin

Forethought. Never forget to be kind to dumb animals. A few extra handfuls of corn thrown to your turkeys

in these cold autumn days may make you feel a

sation took a turn which brought him into closer connection with Althea.

"Oh, papa," cried May Charteris, the eldest of the three, "do you know Althea says she would give anything to learn Greek,

So it was settled, and Althea studied Greek under the Canon's auspices quite unsuspectingly. She puzzled her brains over the irregular verbs and fathomed the mysteries of first and second acrist. At least he was a most impartial teacher and often spoke severely to Althea. Nor did Mr. Rayne imagine mischief. No doubt the Canon felt lonely and enjoyed their society.

Oh, foolish, unwordly Mr. Rayne! As if a man like Canon Charteris could not command the very best society the cathedral city of Greater Torford afforded!

And then, one day—I don't quite know how it happened—the Canon came without May.

"I think she has a cold," was the reply to Althea's inquiries.

no interruptions whatever.

How comfortable the room looked! There, on her father's desk, which was never allowed to be touched by any sacrilegious duster, Althea had placed a nosegay—fresh, glowing, audacious—amongst the dingy papers. She herself had flowers in her belt, sweet-scented

Black Sam's Famous Tavers.

[New York Correspondence Milwauhes Statist.]
The most interesting relic of old New York, per haps, is Black Sam's or Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Pearl and Broad streets. It was here that Washington was lodged after the evacuation evacuation by the British, and here that his memorable farewell to his officers was spoken. The building is a plain brick structure, five stories high, though it is not improbable that the two upper stories have been added since the present century came in, the great thickness of the honest century came in, the great thickness of the honest century came in, the great thickness of the honest was built about 1730 by the DeLancey family, and Samuel Fraunces opened it in 1762 as an inn. It was the Saturday night rendezvous of a gathering of choice spirits, who called themselves the Social Club and remained open throughout the war, Black Sam, though known to be on the Liberty side, being a favorite of the Tories as well. It is now kept by one Jacob Etzell, who is very proud of the history of the old place, and looks with scorn on the claims of spurious Washington's headquarters elsewhere. The dining-room where the last toast was drank and the last handclass given before Washington took boat at Whitehall to lay down his commission before Congress, is on the second floor; a low-celled room with deep window seats that would put a modern builder's flimsy walls to shame. A portrait of Washington hangs in it and long tables are ranged up and down its length. memorable farewell to his officers was snoken.

Died of Worry About His Money.

both happy and useful, had the misfortune at that time to inherit from a relative a fortune of some millions. He was instantly overwhelmed with im-portunities from all sides. Gifted with an acutely portunities from all sides. Gifted with an acutely sensitive New England conscience, he was not only anxious to do good with his wealth, but he was almost morbidly afraid that through ignorance or carclessness he should do harm with it. He investigated with the most painful care the cases presented to him, and he literally agonized over the things he desired to do, that he feared to do and those that he was urged to do. Two years of this worry killed him. His physician said afterwards that the certificate, to be accurate, should have been filled out to read, "Died of his money," and the statement would have been literally true.

Contempt of Court.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
"Gentlemen," said the Judge of an Arkansas
court to the attorneys during a trial, "I don't mind your shooting at each other occasionally i the circumstances seem to justify it; but I see that one of your bullets has hit an overcoat belonging to the Court and broken a quart flask in the inside pocket. I wish it to be distinctly understood that if there is any more such careless shooting in this court I'll lift the scap of the galoot that does it. Now go ahead with the case."

"I think you will find these delicate extracts of selected," said the druggist to his fair customer.

'Perhaps so," she replied, "but they wouldn
be of the least use to me. You see I live in Hur
ter's Point." cologue more agreeable than that musk you have

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE?

If so there is no system of treatment that offers th certainty of cure and economy of time and mesony as de the CUIZCURA REMEDIES. We will send free to any suf-ferer "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illus-trations and 100 testimonials, every one of which repeate

the skin and blood; have been obliged to shun public places by reason of my disfiguring humors; have had the best physicians; have spent hundreds of dollars, and got no relief until I used the CUTICURA REMERIES, which have cured me, and left my skin as clear and b

COVERED WITH SALT MHEUM.

I commenced to use your OUTICURA REMEDIES less July. My head and face and some parts of my budy were almost raw. My head was covered with scabe and sores, and my suffering was 'carful. I had treed swertything I had heard of in the Keat and West. My sees was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful. DECATUR, MICH.

A FEVER SORE CURED.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my custom ers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICUMA REMER DIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness of fever eight years ago. He was so but he was fearful h would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy t say he is now entirely well—sound as a deliar. He requests up to use his neares, which is H. H. CARON, mer chant, of this place. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist.

Bold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; BOAP, 25c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 81. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston. Bend for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 54 pages

50 illustrations and 100 testin TINTED with the lovellest delicacy is the skin pre

KIDNEY PAINS With their weary, dull, sching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Puin Plaster, he first and only pain-subdulog plaster. All

Answers to Correspondents. Answers to Cerrespondents.

J. D.—Your inquiry should be addressed to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., whose business it is to answer all proper inquiries relating to his office.

Jennie.—The courts of New Jersey grant divorces for non-support and abandonment. It is necessary for you to live three years in New Jersey before you can bring an action for divorce.

S. V. A.—THE WORLD must insist upon its role that letters unverified by the name and address of the sender, and unaccompanied by a post-paid and directed envelope, shall be dropped into the waste basket without reading.

waste basket without reading.

S. P.—Parents are bound to support children and children are bound to support parents. It is a misdemeanor in the State of New York for them to neglect to do it. It is not necessary for them to refuse to do it to bring them under the law.

refuse to do it to bring them under the law.

F. J. R.—" Does the Constitution of the United States permit men to carry arms, and, if so, why are men fined for so doing?" The Constitution savs that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," and the courts of this State have decided that any regulation in regard to the "keeping and bearing of arms" is an infringement which the State has no right to make. Any police magistrate interfering with a man for carrying arms violates his oath to support the Constitution and laws of his State, and any magistrate who fines a man for keeping or bearing arms commits grand larceny, for which he may be sent to State Prison. They have not a shadow of excuse, for the city ordinance which they attempt to enforce, has been three times declared unconstitutional by the highest criminal court in the city.

AMUSEMENTS EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. STRASTRAVES, COPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAYS, 1 to 11. SUNDAY

DOCKSTADER'S
Mrs. Blotter

THE LEATHER PATCH. An Artistic Triumph and a Brilliant Success,
DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR ORCHESTRA,
WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY,
Next Week—CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th sa Last 2 nights of engagement of JOSEPH JEFFERSON. To-night (Friday), last performance of THE RIVALS.

Saturday night and Saturday matines. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

UNION SQARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Managor,

Becond week of HT.

GEO. M. KNIGHT.

in Bronson Howard's and David Belasco's new play,

RUDULPH. A great stage portraiture. A panomora of home love, Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 30c., 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50

WALLACK'S.

WALLACK'S.

CHARACTER BY Messer. Ormond Tearle, E.

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LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY
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ing the opportunity (for, as Mrs. Vandaleur said, there was a deceitful look in her eyes), flirted so atrociously with young Headley, one might have easily imagined that they were never engaged at all.

The "girls" were present as well, for the party was not confined to "grown-upe," and when the time came to go. Canon Charteris hurried them all off together, Althea with the rest. But there was a little bit of by-play which did not escape Mrs. Vandaleur's sharp eyes. The Canon, from the depth of the pony carriage, fished out a shawl, and wrapped it carefully round Althea's shoulders.

ers.
"There, child; you will catch cold in that That was all; but the gesture spoke vol-

umes.

It was altogether a strange wooing. Althor was a little surprised at it herself and wondered if all girls who were engaged passed through like experience.

The Canon was an eminently practical man, while Althea had a strong tinge of the romantic in her character, dormant perhaps, yet there should anything occur to call it forth.

WAS SHE IN LOVE WITH HIM?



monstrous and unheard-of thing! He was forty, if he was a day, and she, a little chit of a girl barely twenty-one, hardly older than his own children. By the by, only the other day Mrs. Vandaleur had been expatiating upon the advancing age of the young lady in question to a select circle of acquaint-

ances. "Yes, Althea Rayne must be at least twenty-six-getting to look quite faded; she was grown up, you know, when Agnes was in the school-room-one of those altogether odd girls, learns all sorts of queer things and is terribly blue. No, Agnes never saw much of her-not her style at all. Mrs. Vandaleur was right about one thing

thes were widely different. As to the vital question of age, Mrs. Vanda leur had exaggerated somewhat upon both occasions. Althea was twenty-two. "If it had been anybody else," she went on, wringing her hands; "but Canon Charteris, who has the entree of the very best county society-some more tea, dear Mrs. Headley? sugar I think you said-to choose the daughter of an obscure country clergyman. It is not even as though she were a

ary, commonplace girl, little more than a child."
Mrs. Vandaleur's was not the only house at Torford where the new engagement formed the staple topic of conversation during after-

person of some distinction, but just an ordin-

worked most energetically in his large and populous parish, presided over mothers meetings and clothing clubs—in fact, did everything to win his good graces. But Althea had done nothing; she just stayed at home, and, if she worked among the poor at all, did so in her father's quiet little parish, where nobody heard of it. All the ladies—even the married ones—idolized Canon Charteris, and all combined in being hard upon Althea. She was unanimously declared "a forward, scheming girl" by the fair portion of the population.

Did they care for each other? was the resulting problem which exercised every one. What had led to the affair, love or policy? They, the couple themselves, who after all were most concerned—more, even, than the good people of Greater Torford—were quiet and matter-of-fact enough. She was oftenest

were most concerned—more, even, than the good people of Greater Torford—were quiet and matter-of-fact enough. She was oftenest to be seen with his children, either rambling along the lanes or tucked into their little low pony-carriage, than with Canon Charteris. Those children, instead of being bitterly prejudiced against Althea, as they ought to have been, according to the orthodox custom, could not make enough of her. Besides being a delightful story-teller, she was still sufficiently a child herself thoroughly to enjoy a good romp. Generally the Canon met them in those drives, and a corner was always found for him by Althea's side. But that was all; no stranger would have guessed the relationship between them. The same question that puzzled the gossips so much would obtrude itself occasionally into the Canon's own thoughts, not whether they

versed in science, somewhat narrow-minded and by no means practical. No, the attrac-tion lay in Althea herself. He had a dim rec tion lay in Althea herself. He had a dim recollection of her in short petticoats, and then suddenly she dawned out into new life for him. It befell upon a summer's day, when Canon Charteris rode over to Boskyne Rectory in order to discuss a recently published pamphlet on natural selection with his scientific neighbor, and he had seen Althea. What the two elergymen's views were upon that all-important question is neither here nor there; suffice it to say they each possessed very decided opinions, especially the Canon.

would obtrude itself occasionally into the Canon's own thoughts, not whether they cared for each other—he was sure enough of his feelings—but if she cared for him.

He scarcely remembered when he first knew Althea; her father had been an acquaintance—though not exactly an intimate one—of his for years, a clever, well-read man, exceed in science, somewhat parrow minded. -her own discreet, insipid daughter and Al-

Anon tea.

Nearly everybody in the old-fashioned cathedral town had his or her private impressions to disclose upon the subject. The eligible single ladies, especially those of a certain age, doted upon Canon Charteris, presented him with sermon-cases and slippers,

flowered cotton dress, and a pink sun-bonnet which had fallen back.
"Who is that?" inquired the usually polite Canon, interrupting without the slight-est show of compunction his companion's eloquent argument.
Mr. Rayne elevated his eyebrows a little :

he was not given to exhibiting signs of sur-prise, but he did think his good friend tri-fling and inconsiderate. However, he answered quietly enough:
"Why, only my little girl, Althea. Have
you forgotten her?"
I am afraid natural selection stood a poor chance after that. Mr. Rayne wondered first why Canon Mr. Rayne wondered first why Canon Charteris was so uncommonly dense, and eventually began to think, after the manner of humble-minded men—not women—that there must be something wrong with him-

self.

As for the Canon, he must have lost his head, for he promised a harvest thanksgiving sermon, quite regardless of previous engagements. And Althea stood on in the sunlight; her dress fluttered in and out among the flowers; her hands were full of roses, and she had fastened some into her waistband.

The Canon rode away at last, after wasting the good Rector's time in a most unconscionable manner, and having quite interrupted the progress of an important paper which must be sent off by that night's post, and with him went the vision of a fair face and small hands full of flowers.

Alathea herself never saw him at all; but when he was gone Mr. Rayne beckoned from the window.

window. Come in, my dear. It is very unfortu-"Come in, my dear. It is very unfortunate that Canon Charteris came just when I
was busy. I want you to copy out this article—there is a quotation, by the bye, which
you must verify; Ovid, I think—I have to go
and see poor Mrs. Todd. However, I have
got a sermon out of him, which is a comfort."
"Limit he a pice wan?" said Alther and

"Isn't he a nice man?" said Althea, and often after she laughed over her innocent remark. "I used to think so years ago"—
"Oh, very: most entertaining: though, to be sure, he didn't seem in good form this afternoon. There, I must be off; don't forget the quotation, that's a good girl. I haven't got it quite correctly. And if Home calls, there is a parcel on the hall table."

Althea sat down in the big study-chair and began to write without wasting another thought on Canor Charteris.

But he did not dismiss her thus easily, nor the picture which had fixed itself upon his mental eye. She was different to any woman he had ever seen—how different to those in society who laid themselves out to please him! Isn't he a nice man?" said Althea, and

AND THE 3 ₫ HE DREW HER FACE DOWN UPON HIS SHOULDER.

among his clerical breathren, so he had the best masters money could procure for his three little girls, a housekeeper who kept his home in excellent order, and was free to do as he liked.

After that first visit there were plenty of excuses for going over to Boskyne Rectory. It was wonderful what a number of reasons he unearthed of the most impossible nature. One day he had found a botanical specimen hitherto unknown in the neighborhood; another day he wanted to consult Mr. Hayne about the ventilation of some new schools. He always had an excellent pretext for coming, and being a pleasant, genial man met with a warm welcome. Sometimes he rode, and sometimes came in a pony-carriage, with



leved his first wife, a conscientions, highly-connected lady some years his senior, not possessed of any shining talents, but estim-able in all senses of the word, and most cor-rectly neutral upon all contested points. She had been dead now six years, and until he saw Althea he had never felt the slightest disposition to marry again. His living was good, one of the fattest in the diocese. "Benjamin's portion" was its nickname Benjamin's portion" was its nickname mong his clerical breathren, so he had the

and sometimes came in a pony-carriage, with the children, in which case Althea, still half a child herself, was delighted. It really seemed as though fate favored him, for, on one of those visits with the girls, the conver-

says she would give anything to learn Greek, and can't you teach her with me?"

"Is that true," Miss Rayne?"

"Yes, indeed; but"—

"Well, then, we can arrange to come over on certain days if you will have us. It will be good for May to have a companion. She gets too much of my attention. When shall we say? Tuesdays and Fridays?"

So it was settled, and Althea studied Greek

Althea's inquiries.

The Greek lesson was not destined to progress that afternoon. They had the study entirely to themselves, for Mr. Rayne had gone to visit a sick parishioner and there was

herself had flowers in her belt, sweet-seented Malmaison roses; and as she leaned over the table some of the petals fell upon the floor.

Canon Charteris was unusually lenient that day; he found no fault with her for wrong tenses, nor did he even wince at false quantities. This was inconsistent of him; but after all he was but human. Then he found the place for her to read, and listened—in an absent fashion, to be sure—to her sweet unconscious voice.

Presently came a long word. Althea stumbled at it, but her master did not come to the rescue, so she slurred it over and went on.

bled at it, but her master did not come to the rescue, so she slurred it over and went on. Her lesson must have been ill-prepared, for another break-down more serious than the last speedily occurred.

She looked up. The Canon was not paying the least attention in the world; he was playing with some of the scattered rose-leaves. In despair, she began to translate, or rather, mistranslate.

But he, her master, stretched out his hand and took the book away.

"Althea," he said, his voice sounding almost unfamiliar, "I came alone on purpose

Boston Letter to the Providence Journal,]
A Boston man who, until he was forty, lived an

He Didn't Know Where She Lived. [From Judge.]

this story: I have been a terrible sufferer for years from dis

J. W. ADAMS. HEAD, FACE AND BODY BAW.

to-day. I have something to ask you which —which will make all the difference to my

Althea started a little; he had never called her that before, and what could he be going her that before, and what could he be going to say?

Somehow, she never knew how it happened: they were both standing up, and he had hold of her two hands.

"My dear," he was saying, "I fancied you guessed I want you to be my wife?" Althea gave a smothered cry, and would have broken away. "I did not mean to startle you," he added, his voice growing wonderfulln gentle; "but, believe me, I have grown to care for you very much."

He spoke simply, and yet with a touch of dignity as though he were conscious of the gift he was laying at her feet—the love of full-grown, perfect manhood, not to be compared with boyish fancy—while she could had no words with which to answer him.

And something like tears were gathering in

find no words with which to answer him.

And something like tears were gathering in her eyes, in spite of all her efforts. Would they—would they fall? It was so undignified to cry. All the time Canon Charteris stood there quite patiently, awaiting her answer. Yet still Althea did not speak, only she did not draw away her hands.

"My dear," he continued presently, for the situation was becoming embarrassing, "perhaps I have spoken too soon? I have frightened you, poor child!"

But Althea had burst out sobbing. He drew her face down upon his shoulder, and she did not struggle; all her power of resistance was going.

she did not struggle; all her power of resist-ance was going.

After that it was all tacitly settled. Canon Charteris carried everything before him. Mr. Rayne recovered from his first surprise, and the astonishing news circulated through Greater Torford. To be sure, after being a nine days' wonder, the excitement began somewhat to subside, or, rather, was turned into another current, by the elopement of Miss Jenkins, the daughter of the principal grocer.

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I YCRUM THRATRE.

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forth.

As a rule, they saw each other every day.
Canon Charteris would sometimes spend the
evening at Boskyne's Rectory, in that cosy
drawing-room so full of traces of Althea's

drawing-room so full of traces of Althea's presence, conversing absently on abstruse topics to Mr. Rayne. He rarely talked much to Althea on those occasions; it was enough for him to look at her.

Oftener he would find his way over in the morning, and sit with her when her father was busy with parish work. Those interviews rather embarrassed Althea; a lover at all perplexed her; a silent one like Canon Charteris was something of a white elephant. She used to sew diligently enough for the first half hour and then lay down her work with a sigh, for she was not fond of her needle, and the charitable societies had never got so much out of her in her life before.

At last, one day, when first the cotton broke, and then she pricked her fingers, making two small red spots on the white calcie, she suggested in desperation that they should go on with the Greek lessons, which had been discontinued since their engages ment. Miss Jenkins, the daughter of the principal grocer.

People grew quite accustomed to the sight of Althea and Canon Chartiers, and even allowed that they made a model pair of lovers. They were just the right height. He was undeniably handsome; she, at least, pleasing. They were sufficiently solicitons about each other without being unbearable like most engaged couples.

Together they appeared at some local festivities—Mrs. Vandaleur's tennis party among others—and Althea ate ices, while Canon Charteris handed round cups of tea in an irreproachable manner without Althea displaying the slightest symptoms of spooniness.

Indeed, when the Canon sat down by the side of Miss Flamborough—a lady of a discrete age—and began to discuss the state of foreign missions, and Althea, no doubt seiz-